

For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisanio*,
 Every good Seruant do's not all Commands:
 No Bond, but to do iust ones. Gods, if you
 Should haue tane vengeance on my faults, I neuer
 Had liu'd to put on this: so had you saued
 The noble *Imogen*, to repent, and strooke
 Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's loue
 To haue them fall no more: you some permit
 To second illes with illes, each elder worfe,
 And make them dread it, to the dooers thurst.
 But *Imogen* is your owne, do your best willes,
 And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
 Among th' Italian Gentry, and to fight
 Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
 That (Britaine) I haue kill'd thy Mistis: Peace,
 Ile giue no wound to thee: therefore good Heauens,
 Heare patiently my purpose. Ile disrobe me
 Of these Italian weedies, and suite my selfe
 As do's a Britaine Pezant: so Ile fight
 Against the part I come with: so Ile dye
 For thee (O *Imogen*) euen for whom my life
 Is euery breath, a death: and thus, vnknowne,
 Pittied, nor hated, to the face of perill
 My selfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, then my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o'th' *Leonati* in me:
 To shame the guize o'th' world, I will begin,
 The fashion lesse without, and more within.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Lucius*, *Iachimo*, and the Romane Army at one doore:
 and the Britains Army at another: *Leonatus Posthumus*
 following like a poore Souldier. They march ouer, and goe
 out. Then enter againe in Skirmish *Iachimo* and *Posthu-*
mus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth *Iachimo*, and then
 leaues him.

Iac. The heauinesse and guilt within my bosome,
 Takes off my manhood: I haue belyed a Lady,
 The Princeesse of this Country; and the ayre on't
 Reuengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,
 A very drudge of Natures, haue subdu'd me
 In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honors borne
 As I weare mine) are titles but of scorne.
 If that thy Gentry (Britaine) go before
 This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes
 Is, that we scarse are men, and you are Goddesses. Exit.

The Battaille continues, the Britaines fly, *Cymbeline* is
 taken: Then enter to his rescue, *Belarius*, *Guiderius*,
 and *Arviragus*.

Bel. Stand, stand, we haue th' aduantage of the ground,
 The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts vs, but
 The villany of our feares.

Gai. Arm. Stand, stand, stand fight.

Enter *Posthumus* and seconds the Britaines. They Rescue
Cymbeline, and Exit.

Then enter *Lucius*, *Iachimo*, and *Imogen*.

Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and saue thy selfe:
 For friends kil friends, and the disorder's such

As warre were hood-wink'd.

Iac. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
 Let's re-inforce, or fly.

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Posthumus*, and a Britaine Lord.

Lor. Can'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did,

Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?

Lor. I did.

Post. No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,
 But that the Heauens fought: the King himselfe
 Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,
 And but the backs of Britaines scene; all flying
 Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring: hauing worke
 More plentifull, then Toolles to doo't: strooke downe
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Meerely through feare, that the strait passe was damm'd
 With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards liuing
 To dye with length'ned shame.

Lor. Where was this Lane?

Post. Close by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
 Which gaue aduantage to an ancient Soldiour
 (An honest one I warrant) who deseru'd
 So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
 He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run
 The Country base, then to commit such slaughter,
 With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer
 Then those for preferuation cas'd, or shame)
 Made good the passage, cryed to those that fled.
 Our Britaines hearts dye flying, not our men,
 To darknesse fleete soules that flye backwards; stand,
 Or we are Romanes, and will giue you that
 Like beasts, which you shun beafully, and may saue
 But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand. These three,
 Three thousand confident, in acte as many:
 For three performers are the File, when all
 The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,
 Accomodated by the Place; more Charming
 With their owne Noblenesse, which could haue turn'd
 A Distaffe, to a Lance, guiled pale lookes;
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
 But by example (Oh a sinne in Warre,
 Damn'd in the first beginners) gan to looke
 The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
 Vpon the Pikes o'th' Hunters. Then beganne
 A stop i'th' Chaser; a Retyre: Anon
 A Rowt, confusion thicke: forthwith they flye
 Chickens, the way which they stopt Eagles: Slaues
 The strides the Victors made: and now our Cowards
 Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
 The life o'th' need: hauing found the backe doore open
 Of the vnguarded hearts: heauens, how they wound,
 Some slaine before some dying; some their Friends
 Ore-borne i'th' former waue, ten chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those that would dye, or ere resist, are growne
 The mortall bugs o'th' Field.

Lor.

Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made

Rather to wonder at the things you heare,

Then to worke any. Will you Rime vpon't,

And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere is one:

"Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,
 'Preferu'd the Britaines, was the Romanes bane."

Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.

Post. Lacke, to what end?

Who dares not stand his Foe, Ile be his Friend:

For if hee'l do, as he is made to doo,

I know hee'l quickly flye my friendship too.

You haue put me into Rime.

Lord. Farewell, you're angry.

Post. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble misery

To be i'th' Field, and aske what newes of me:

To day, how many would haue giuen their Honours

To haue sau'd their Carkasses? Tooke heele to doo't,

And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd

Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,

Nor feele him where he strooke. Being an vgly Monster,

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,

Sweet words; or hath moe ministers then we

That draw his kniues i'th' War. Well I will finde him:

For being now a Fauourer to the Britaine,

No more a Britaine, I haue resum'd againe

The part I came in. Fight I will no more,

But yeeld me to the veriest Hinde, that shall

Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

Heere made by'th' Romans; great the Answer be

Britaines must take. For me, my Ransome's death,

On eyther side I come to spend my breath;

Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor beate agen,

But end it by some meanes for *Imogen*.

Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.

1 Great Iupiter be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken,

'Tis thought the old man, and his sonnes, were Angels.

2 There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,

That gaue th' Affront with them.

1 So 'tis reported:

But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?

Post. A Roman,

Who had not now beene drooping heere, if Seconds

Had answer'd him.

2 Lay hands on him: a Dogge,

A legge of Rome shall not retaine to tell

What Crows haue peckt them here: he brags his seruice

As if he were of note: bring him to'th' King.

Enter *Cymbeline*, *Belarius*, *Guiderius*, *Arviragus*, *Pisanio*, and

Romane Captiues. The Captaines present *Posthumus* to

Cymbeline, who deliuereth him ouer to a Gaoler.

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Posthumus*, and Gaoler.

Gao. You shall not now be stolne,

You haue lockes vpon you:

So graze, as you finde Pasture:

2. *Gao.* I, or a stomacke.

Post. Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way

(I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better

Then one that's sicke o'th' Gowt, since he had rather

Sic.